



JOURNAL OF THE IDENTICAL LUNCH

BY ALISON KNOWLES

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JOURNAL OF THE IDENTICAL LUNCH

BY ALISON KNOWLES

"What's there to write about, it's just a lousy
tunafish sandwich."

Gertrude Brandwein
(G's Aunt Gertie from Parkchester)

Nova Broadcast Press
San Francisco 1971

JOURNAL OF THE IDENTICAL LUNCH
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Alison Knowles' own documentations were first published in *The Outsider* Nos. 1–5. New Lunches will include many other people and their own performances.

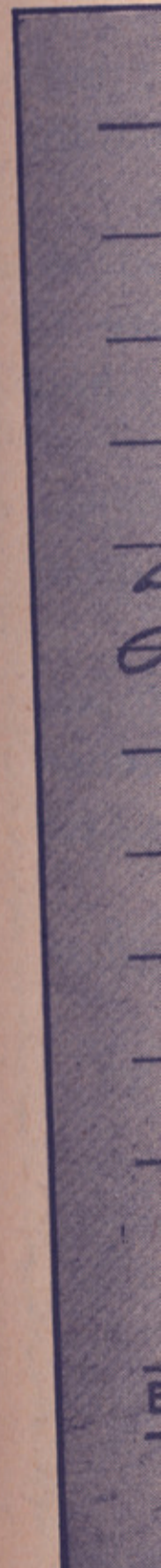
Photos, outside front and back covers,
by David Wing

Photos, inside front and back covers,
and pp. 33, 34, by Peter Moore

Nova Broadcast books are edited and published by
Jan Herman, and are distributed by IPCO Products,
691 South 31st Street, Richmond, California 94804, USA

JOURNA

The
toast with
buttermil
each wee



JOURNAL OF THE IDENTICAL LUNCH

The Identical Lunch: a tunafish sandwich on wheat toast with lettuce and butter, no mayo and a large glass of buttermilk or a cup of soup was and is eaten many days of each week at the same place and at about the same time.

PLEASE PAY CASHIER			
2 Cups S			40
2 Tuna Sandwich			20
			<hr/>
			760
			8
			<hr/>
			768
		Tax	
CHECK NUMBER	GUESTS	ATTENDANT	TOTAL
074909			
E-65	A	B	C
	D	E	F
	G	H	I

LYNN LONIDIER PERFORMANCE

The cup of soup's homemade clear with a few vegetables hanging in it

The sandwich two celery sticks and one carrot stick are arranged in the same pattern on each plate except Pauline's is sandwich celery celery carrot and mine's sandwich celery carrot celery

The tuna's deviled Pauline's is on toasted rye mine's on funk-flavored white I pour waitress spilled coffee in the saucer back in the cup pour in milk watch clouds rise

I glance over at a man with a bad cough seated one stool away from Pauline regain nausea I'm aware of wrinkled flesh puckering from the waitress's arms there doesn't seem to be any hair on them

While loose tweeter pops accompany tin-can music-to-eat-by we watch ourselves eat in the mirror behind the counter

Wiping ourselves sucking tuna loose from teeth we decide since we didn't have paper to record the heightened details of the experience we should at least have proof we ate an Alison Knowles' lunch

The waitress wants to know why we ask her to write up the check a second time

Thank You

KEN W

received

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3

KEN WERNER PERFORMANCE

received by N from Aachen, Germany

no date

Riss Restaurant



242 EIGHTH AVE., N. Y. C.

"HOME COOKING"

PERSONS

CHECK
NUMBER

08804

SOUP OR JUICE

ENTREE

SALAD

DESSERT

BEVERAGE

SALES TAX

TOTAL

PLEASE PAY CASHIER

THANK YOU

3516

BROADWAY SUPPLY CO., INC

15 FULTON ST.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

DICK HIGGINS' PERFORMANCE

no date

On March 14, 1969 at 12:40 PM suspect left 238 West 22nd Street in New York City, wearing black italian shoes, black socks, underpants decorated with tiny black and white or black, white, green or blue geometric patterns (arranged alternately in rows), black gaberdien slacks, a red turtleneck jersey, a brown tweed sports jacket, and a beat-up brown overcoat with a synthetic fur lining. Suspect was 6' 2" and of decidedly stocky build, with blue eyes, brown hair worn somewhat long, bearded but almost without moustache, ectomorphic facial structure, pale complexion and small square silver-rim eye-glasses. Suspect was carrying March 15th, 1969 issue of *The Saturday Review* and March 14th, 1969 "Late City" edition of the NEW YORK POST. Suspect turned left in the street, cut across the street (jaywalking) in front of 262 West 22nd Street towards the facing parking lot, and went left and right around the corner to Riss Foods at 244 Eighth Avenue. Arriving at 12:44. Suspect entered and seated himself in the first section of the two counters, on the ninth of the fifteen seats in this section. Suspect did not have slip of paper to advise him what correct order would be. At 12:45 waitress took order for tuna fish sandwich on whole wheat toast. At 12:46 waitress (wearing red dress, aged roughly 35 to 40 years, about 5' 8" tall, with long brown hair worn high and thick on her head) asked suspect, "Yours is whole wheat toast?" Suspect replied, "Yes, thank you." Sandwich arrived at 12:49. At 12:50 suspect ordered a regular cup of coffee, which arrived at 12:51. In the meantime suspect was eating his sandwich, with no apparent relish. Possibly the acridness of canned tuna fish did not please him, or the cottonseed oil in which the tuna

was apparently packed may have disturbed his apparently wiggly stomach. He did, however, note that the sandwich was made on buttered toast, and served with a slice of lettuce. In size it was all too adequate, since this meant there was too much of it to put away. In texture, however, the tuna fish had been altered so that, unlike tuna straight from the can, the usual resemblance to the dissected frogs of high school biology classes had disappeared: instead it had been pulped and mashed into something viscous, like melted ice cream. Suspect appeared neither to enjoy nor not to enjoy his coffee. This appeared to be used as a means of downing the tuna. The check had been delivered with the coffee. At 12:52½ suspect completed the consumption of the sandwich and, the waitress being handy, asked should he pay her or up front. She said, "Pay up front, up front please." A glass of water had been served with the sandwich and used as an additional means of washing this down. Some of this water had spilled on the check, and waterlogged it. However, suspect picked this up anyway, ignoring the two business men sitting in the tenth and eleventh chairs of the front section, to his left, who were ordering roast beef sandwiches with green beans, and proceeded to the cashier's register, where he paid the waitress who had served him \$0.50 for the sandwich and \$0.10 for the coffee, \$0.60 total, leaving the restaurant at 12:58. Apparently revived by the fresh air, suspect turned to the right and crossed Eighth Avenue at 23rd Street, turning downtown on the far side of the avenue. There is a delicatessen at 449 Eighth Avenue, whose name remains one of the minor mysteries of our time, since the neon sign above the door says "Delicatessen," the awning says "Fine fruits and groceries" and the cash register slips are entirely unlabelled and noncommittal. From the door of this delica-

tessen, however, there is an excellent view of Riss Foods' facade, and this was the door that suspect entered. There was one man ahead of suspect in line, waiting for a cold roast beef sandwich to be made up. While waiting, suspect noted that correct time was 1:12, that his watch read 1:01, and that all above times were therefore inaccurate. It now being his turn, suspect ordered two large cans of Schlitz beer, a half pound of roast beef, and a 12-oz. package of Munzenmeier's Genuine Westphalian Pumpernickel Without Crust, all of which cost \$2.50. This being duly rung up and bagged, suspect proceeded out the door, took a right, crossed 22nd Street and then Eighth Avenue and continued up the south side of 22nd Street to 238 West 22nd Street, which he entered, arriving in his office at 1:20 (corrected time). Suspect then searched for the lost instruction sheet, which he found and which enlightened him as to why he was suspect: he had forgotten to order a cup of soup.

VERNON

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VERNON HINKLE PERFORMANCE

331 W. 20
New York
June 8, 1969

Note strike-over on date, a 6 over a 2. Was anticipating June 6, but figuring it out from June 2, the day of my arrival in the City, the day of separation from wife. Sense of welcome here on that day, sense of rebirth, perhaps the beginnings of successful re-establishment of relationship with tuna fish sandwich.

Awoke later than usual this morning because of late party ~~last~~ night. (Note strike-over "last" over "the") Started to write "the ~~right~~ ~~night~~" over "the other night" as indication of more of same.

Talked with Bici about feeding of cats. Tuna fish is bad for them. Creates urethritis. I have urethritis, have had off and on for the past year. Drugs don't work. I am addicted to tuna fish. Wonder if there is a connection. Bici also says that such things can be created by emotional problems. Decide to remove tuna fish from diet for a while. Decide to drink lots of water and flush it out.

Bici tells me of Alison who is collecting documentations of encounters with tuna on wheat toast with lettuce and butter and cup of soup at Riss' between 22nd and 23rd on 8th Ave. Asks if I'd care to join her. I say not today but I'll do it later, because I should be working on rewrites of play. Return to room, see bottle of capsules which I am supposed to take before meals. Fetish about having the meal after taking the capsule. So I take the capsule (for the ailment) and ask Bici if she's gone on her mission yet. She says that she forgot and had lunch at home, toys with idea of having tuna fish after lunch. She doesn't, however, And I proceed on mission thinking that

in so doing I will build up enough guilt to spur on rewrite later, and thinking that I wish a final farewell with the tuna fish sandwich

2 o'clock in afternoon. Begin journey. In looking for Riss' I notice other places not noticed before.

2:03. Arrive at Riss' and order as directed. Soup will be clam chowder, another favorite. So far no connection between clams and urethritis. Waitress has big black hair and wears pink dress with needlework-type borders. Surrounded by short-sleeves and some jackets and ties, one fellow bowtie who ordered porkchops. Order only as directed. No beverage. Figure anything in a cup, even clam chowder, like a beverage, picture a cup with handle, but when it arrives—with crackers—there is no handle and it must, of course, be eaten with a spoon. Chowder served at 2:04. Riss is efficient. Chowder is peppery. Note that halfway down pepper taste disappears which means either (1) pepper rises to the top, or (2) taste buds become acclimated to pepper halfway through a bowl of chowder. When pepper disappears there seems to be a need for salt. Tuna fish sandwich arrives $\frac{3}{4}$ through. Sandwich is cut on diagonal as I anticipated. Pickle ($\frac{1}{4}$ wedge) on top of sandwich forming cross with cut of sandwich. Pickle tangy. Sandwich okay, but suffers as a sequel to clam chowder. Perhaps stronger taste of mayonnaise is needed. After first half of sandwich, I make two discoveries. (1) The sandwich is easily two inches thick at its bulging middle and tapers to $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches at each of three remaining corners. (2) Difficult to eat such a sandwich because when you bite on middle tuna fish pours out the sandwich sides, or rather squishes. Discover that by pushing bottom bread toward you you can bite bottom half of sandwich, and then top of sandwich rendering knife and fork (which is on counter)

unnecessary. Lettuce is shredded. Lettuce has always been a problem. Someday someone will create small, bitesize heads of lettuce. But here, in the ~~dark~~ ages, lettuce is shredded. (can fathom no significance behind strike-over, "dark" over "drak.") Lettuce shreds are placed lengthwise on sandwich. Difficult to handle but worth the effort. Drink the water which accompanies the meal. Finish meal at 2:17. Total cost: 75¢. Leave 15¢ tip and go to cash register. Hand waitress a ten-dollar bill. She takes it as though it were a one-dollar bill which I appreciate having already run into trouble with tens in New York. Decide that for this reason alone, Riss is a good place to go, and I may abandon Frank's Coffee Shop across the street. Notice at corner table, small, old lady is eating a plate of white and yellow pap, commenting on this being her one good meal and how she doesn't really want it but she has to eat. Pile of empty plates at her side.

Leave Riss at approximately 2:19. Return home. Describe to Bici and Geoff the meal as "unforgettable" or something. Make myself a cup of coffee (which I would have had at Riss except coffee was not included in the instructions), and I return to my white room to type this out, strikeovers and all. It is now 3:40. It has not taken an hour to write this. Certain details have been unconsciously eliminated, as they always are.

Climbing the stairs, brushing teeth, and the like seem insignificant next to the details of the adventure.

PERFORMERS IN N'S DOCUMENTATION

- P – Pauline, head waitress at Riss.
- C – Counterman in the back section.
- L – Greek cashier turned part-time cook.
- S – Alternate counterman to C.
- B – Regular cashier and bouncer.
- M – Lee, alternate counter girl to P.
- H – Emmett Williams.
- T – John Giorno.
- N – Alison Knowles.
- D – Tony Andersen.
- F – The Dog-woman.
- G – Philip Corner.
- J – Day replacement for P and M.
- A – Susan Hartung
- E – Flo, afternoon waitress.

N'S PE
PRECE
ARE M

Apr. 2

Apr. 3

Apr. 1

Apr.

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**N'S PERFORMANCES FROM 1968.
PRECEDING THESE DOCUMENTATIONS
ARE MANY NOT WRITTEN DOWN**

Apr. 2 — N nods, P, "Same?," N nods. .80 + tip

—

Apr. 3 — N sits, nods, P smiles, nods. .80 + tip

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Apr. 10 — N, "Tunafish on wheat toast, no mayo, lettuce and butter." C says, "Yeah, n' buttermilk." N nods. N has never informed C of his price error.
.70 + tip

—

Apr. 17 — N nods, P nods. Tunafish is very watery; it is mid-week. N figures there are large lots made up Thursdays and Mondays of each week. End of the lot tuna has too much mayo and too much celery.
.80 + tip.

—

April. 19 — A friend from Denmark is told of this Journal and suggests that he do an entry. This friend, D, performs alone. When he returns from Riss he remarks to N of P's bright manner and efficiency. M is serving when N enters, with C at the far counter. M is short, slovenly and slow with a bored manner. She is never addressed by name by the regulars as is P. M delivers a cold sandwich. N feels M is bored by this lunch research project, whereas P seems relieved and interested to deliver N's identical lunch each day. D also mentioned to N that P touched his hand and smiled directly into his face saying, "Large or small?" when D ordered the buttermilk. P takes

down. L proceeds with a mighty lunge to shift the register around, leaving just enough room for the plate. "Thank you," says N. "Tuna, howtust, lettuce n' budda?" says L. N, very please nods. P leaps over, "I know." .80 + t

May 21 -

May 10 - N enters, nods to P. P whispers raising brow "Tuna?" "Tuna," N replies. .80 + t

May 22 -

May 11 - N enters, nods. P returns nod with smile. .80 + t

May 12 - N enters and sits. "Same?" says P. N nods. .80 + t

May 20 - L is working the counter with J who must be there because P is sick. N observes on entering that L is doing everything. L's sunglasses keep slipping down with sweat as he darts around. L waits until 5 or 6 people are lined up at the register, rings them up, then rushes back to the cook's window to pick up cooling orders. N sees L can balance three orders on his arm at once adept for a cashier. J is a very large woman and must turn sideways to allow L to zip by. The only other activity J performs is to dispense water which she can do almost without moving. She manages to fill each glass too full and spills it as she sets it down. N catches L's eye, "Hull whit tust?" he calls. N nods. . . . several moments later, "Tuna?", N nods. Moments later, "Wid lettuce n' budda?" "Yes." L again, "Jus' lettuce n' budda?" "Yes," says N again. The sandwich arrives warm and intact with the buttermilk. .80 + overtip

May 23 -

May 21 — N enters, nods to P. P whispers, "I don't have a full buttermilk. I won't charge you for it."

— .70 + tip

May 22 — N sits, opens the daily POST, reads 2ND BATTLE OF COLUMBIA headlines. "It's goin' " "whispers P, referring to the bread which P has already put in to toast, not the headlines. "Your hairpin is about to fall in the soup," says N. "Oh I don't know why she puts those things in, I don't need 'em," says P throwing the pin on the floor. As N pays L he says, "You look good today." "I had a good night's sleep," says N. N had had very little sleep and leaves Riss wondering at her strange response to L. .80 + tip

—
May 23 — As N enters door, she sees L on hands and knees fixing hinge. "I wuz waitin' fer ya," says L. L always reacts when N wears a dress which is very rare. N sits in remaining seat in dark section, notices S replacing C who is going off duty. S is mildly interesting, skinny, french and very distracted. Glancing at C, N nods and smiles. He remembers! and relays the order to S correctly, but neglects the beverage order. C never remembers the beverage. S takes over, "What do ya dring?" "buttermilk, large," says N. As S turns distracted to another order he says, "We got no buttermilk." "Tea with milk," says N. As S pours the hot water in the cup N realizes that S probably doesn't know that Riss stocks buttermilk. Leaning over the counter and talking up N says, "Are you sure you have no buttermilk?" says S. The question now is do they have it, or

are they out of stock again. N sees P at the other counter and bets that she, P, wouldn't have forgotten to order it. "Yes you do," says N. S stands in dumb disbelief at the contradiction. P sees the encounter and steps over lightly (P has a very tidy build for a woman over forty.) "Here" says P, pulling the buttermilk carton from the icebox. S is dumbfounded again. "Thankyou," he says meekly handing N her buttermilk. Later "Like some dessert?" says S. "No thank you."
.80 + overtip

—
May 27 — N enters, nods at P. P nods, smiles. .80 + tip

—
May 28 — N enters, sits in dark section. "The same?" asks C. "Same," says N. The same day shortly before dawn, N had badly burned the side of her face with a glass of flaming brandy. H and other friends of the flaming brandy society had dumped N face down into cold water. H had mentioned then not to worry, that the scars would add character to her face. She was at that painful time unanimously voted president of the Society. Bandages covered about half the burn, the remainder left exposed to expedite healing. In N's misery that day, it had not occurred to her that her wounds would severely modify the pleasure of those lunching around her. Those on either side of N ate hurriedly and left. N herself left without finishing her sandwich.
.80 + overtip

May (no date) — N sits, in seat 3. She opens her paper into impossible seat 2. This is the only seat which

allows N to open her paper full, the second page just filling counter space 2 which is rarely occupied. A stranger occupying seat 1 of this awkward space (see diagram) speaks, "You have the best seat you know." He continues, "I always sit there when I eat here. It means you can move your arm out to the left." N turns and surveys an aged movie usher she judges by his uniform. N smiles and returns to her paper. The sandwich arrives. A precedent, it is without lettuce. She mentally adds this to the list of P's small slipups: the uncut, the untoasted, and now the unlettuced tunafish sandwich. The absence of lettuce on the sandwich is very disturbing to N. She so enjoys the way the butter, which is always placed on the side with the lettuce, never the tuna side, melts into the lettuce, forming a warm, crisp and buttery unit against the tangy fish. "Pauline, there's no lettuce," says N. "Oh dear!" says P, slapping her thigh for emphasis. "Okay," says N, "Just give me some coleslaw," says N. The usher speaks again, "It's warmer than usual today, isn't it." N nods, reading. This eventful and unfortunate lunch was concluded when the very old coleslaw arrived.

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The above lunches were published in their entirety by Loujon Press, *The Outsider 4&5*. They constitute all of N's written performances in 1968.

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Jan. 10 — N enters, sits . . . nod . . . smile nod. .80 + t

Jan. 11 — N enters, sits. nod. N notes sadly that L has been replaced by B, the smiling pacer. B constantly walks the area near the register looking for tips which he slips somewhere under the counter. B is abstracted and as un-present as S. N has seen him on the street at night, at which time they exchange nods. Aside from pacing and watching the counter adjacent to the register, he rings up the checks, waiting for at least three people to pile up in the small space before he performs the cashier's service. N has moved into her third beverage change since the outset of this research. She also allows other performers considerable license with the beverage. The buttermilk is no longer stocked at Riss, perhaps because of N's summer absence, the tea with milk is unsatisfactory and N is compelled therefore to make a third choice of what to drink. It shall be soup. There is no choice of soup at Riss. It is a soup of the day. The possibilities are: yankee bean (very good), lentils and other things, split-pea, also good vegetable, mostly potato, and chicken noodle (greasy and poor.) Riss also has clam chowder. N has another thought on B. He is a good bouncer and tough on those who don't pay, a common occurrence since many of the clients are on welfare and old. L is now a cook, and N can't imagine him bouncing anyone.

Jan 13 — N enters, sits. M speaks, "Cup a soup?" This is the first time in the new year M has taken the

initiative to speak before N repeats the identical lunch order. B has added to his pacing and cash register the operation of pushing water. It is indeed very crowded. .80 + tax

Jan. 17 — N enters, "Hi" says P. "Hi" says N. P repeats the Hi a second time and N turns to see another "regular" at her right. There are many "regulars" at Riss possibly having their own identical lunches, perhaps sometimes overlapping with N's own lunch. N speculates what a nice graph this would make. P, "cup a chowder?" "Yes," says N. P has never described a cup of chowder as soup. If there is chowder and P is the waitress, as opposed to M, N will know in advance what the soup will be. N has never looked to see if on the board they list the soup of the day. N knows that if P asks "cup of soup" chowder is ruled out, with the three other possibilities remaining, whereas if M is the waitress, the possibilities are widened to include chowder. The regular now speaks with annoyance, "Pie, lady, pie." N had not heard the regular order pie before. Perhaps N did not hear him, or perhaps this man always has pie. P, "The other girl doesn't move, you know." This is true, M is terribly slow. "I know" says N. "It don't pay" says P. The regular receives his pie. .80 + tip

Jan. 20 — N enters. M, "cup a soup?" N nods. M, "crackers, hm?" "Just the soup," says N. It occurred to N today that the reason M has never been noticed by the management in her price error is

that M never itemizes the bill. P on the other hand, writes the cost of each item: .20 and .60. She draws a line under these numbers and writes .80. She does all this much more rapidly than M who just writes the incorrect .75. Ken Werner's performance constituted his check, which somehow got out of Riss. IN realizes he was served a cold sandwich by M. Werner's scrumptious check for .75 cents from Riss was included in a letter from Germany. no price

N's documentation

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Jan. 26 — N enters. M swings down the aisle, "cup a soup" says N. "cup a tea?" says M. "No," says N, "cup a soup." "Thought ya wuz changin' on me" says M. This is quite true. "I'll have a cup of coffee, regular today" says N whimsically. N seems refreshed. The soup never arrives, and the tab is completely bizarre. .85 + t

—
Jan. 27 — N notices two things: she is very early for lunch a whole half hour; and, she has at last encountered F at Riss. F is middle-aged and one of the many welfare cases in the neighborhood. If the weather is at all chilly F wears her hat, which she has made herself, it appears to N, out of a rejected bathroom rug. Her, F's, spirits seem fairly good as N nods her way. F is without her three fat curly-haired dogs. These dogs are her constant companions. They walk the street with her. When F finds children on her walks she and the canine troop follow along on the opposite

side of the street as long as possible, often attempting to converse across the street. F very much resembles the group image of her dogs. Once F bellowed across the street, "This street is too dirty for my dogs!" P speaks, "Would you move dear, we're about to move the register . . . still in the breakfast position." L appears from the kitchen and places the register in its lunch-dinner position (see diagram). N smiles at friend L who has been sweating over the stove. "Where have you been?" says N. "Yeah," is L's mysterious answer. N has marveled at this answer before from L. N suffers through the celery noodle soup, a hybrid concoction that L has probably put together under duress. F speaks upon leaving, "Okay . . . nice day . . . where the kids?"

—
Feb. 3 — N enters, sits. Most advantageous seat 3 (see diagram) is vacant. N reads Kempton WHY TO KEEP HOVING ON AT THE MET. M presents soup, hankee bean. N remarks on M's new uniform, blue with daisies at the pockets, and M's new haircut. .80 + tip

—
Feb. 7 — N enters, all seats occupied and people waiting. It is just one o'clock. As N turns to leave she hears P shout out, "cup a chowder." So N must stay. True, seat (1) (see diagram) is empty. P, "tuna, wheat toast, lettuce . . . a . . . (pause) . . . butter . . . ah, butter on the lettuce." P is extremely rushed. B is pushing water and placing

silverware. With Riss in high gear, N's lunch is at its best -
fast, hot, crisp and crunchy. .80 + tip

Feb. 27 -

Feb. 12 - N enters Riss at precisely twelve noon. L is at
the register! L, "Hello." N, "How are you." L
"Yeah." N, "Not in the kitchen today?" L
"Next week." P gives water to N, napkin and
fork as usual. P says, "Hi." The biggest snow fall
since 1961 has thrown New York into a state of
emergency. There is no daily paper. L speaks
"So how are ya anyway, how da kids?"
"They're fine. I work around the corner. print
ing . . . and a variety of things. "uh . . . huh. Ya
got two boodiful eyes behind dem glasses."
smiles L. "Yeah, well . . . You wear glasses at
the time yourself?" "Yeah, well . . ." says L
From the second window table a loud female
voice, "Neversuch, New York, that's the name"
says, Neversuch!" .80 + tip

March 6

Feb. 13 - N enters takes seat (1). P nods, "cup a chowder"
she shouts back. Split-pea arrives. .80 + tip

Feb. 17 - N sits in back section. S, having forgotten the
buttermilk encounter months before (see May
23rd performance), gives N no particular
acknowledgement. N, "Tunafish sandwich on
wheat toast, lettuce and butter, no mayo and ca
cup of soup?" S, "soup?" N, "what is the soup
today?" Why did N ask. She doesn't know.
"Yankee bean," says S. N leaves in high anticipa-
tion of the afternoon with just a backward
glance at L's clean black head of curls. .80 + tip

Feb. 27 - N enters, orders tuna salad plate. P is not surprised. N requests double on the coleslaw, no potato salad. N sits in desirable seat (1). Reads paper. 1.20 + tip

—

March 6 - N's THE BIG BOOK having arrived from Copenhagen, N finds herself in La Jolla, California to perform it. N dines with Jeff Raskin and wife Karen at lunch stand near computer center. These three will fuss with some machines later. N speaks to waitress behind counter, "Tuna, wheat toast, lettuce and butter and a glass of buttermilk." "We don't have buttermilk or wheat bread, miss." N glances at the very dry pies and one sad danish in the case. N fears for the lunch. "Well then, rye toast and a cup of soup, please." "Would like the soup now?" says the girl. "Yes" says N. At this moment the girl hands N a number reading 29. N sees no one waiting, and is pondering the mysterious number game, when the soup arrives at the counter. N sits at table with friends who order turkey. The soup is thick and dimly vegetable. N attempts improvement with salt, pepper and a shot of ketchup. As N squeezes the ketchup container (plastic) she simultaneously gives the thing a forward thrust. The top flies into the soup accompanied immediately by the entire contents of the container. BLOP! N jumps up, soup mess is all over N's pants, table and floor. All is rapidly mopped up, and N is spared eating more of the soup. Jeff continues to discuss N's poem HOUSE OF

DUST. Lunch is finished and the three leave eating Sidewalk Sundaes, which these friends of N highly recommend. For view of restaurant see Jeff Raskin's photo documentation, particularly photo entitled "Ordering" no price record.

March 10—N enters Riss. On entering N spies a friend but does not interrupt him. L comes alongside N and she opens daily Post and together they read headlines: FIVE BATTLES RAGE IN VIET. N seems satisfied and moves away to kitchen. The counter man is brand new, old and deaf. N, "cup a soup, please." "with lemon?" "no, cup soup" repeats N. "with lemon?" repeats new counter man," N repeats with great clarity, "cup a soup no lemon, please" and hopes for the best.
.80 + tip

March 28—N enters sits, decides on plate. N, "Pauline, give me double on the coleslaw, please." P bellows "Tuna plate, double on coleslaw, no potato Billy." N glances back to see new cook. P goes over to cook's window, "Billy, that's double coleslaw, no potato salad." N, "No bread." P "okay, hon."

Apr. 1 — N enters, pauses looking for seat . . . voice from behind says, "Sit there, sit over there." N sees one of the very old regulars motioning to a table with two chairs by the window. "That table not available to one person," says N. The woman returns to talking about her order which has not

arrived to whomever will listen. M is swinging about filling other orders glancing and glaring at the old regular. N, "salad plate, Lee, double on the coleslaw, no potato salad, no bread." M, "okay, just a minute." M takes London broil request from person to N's right Old regular becomes more irate. Old regular gets her stew. N recalls how G gets stuck at stew as he travels through Riss menu. It is one of G's hang-ups like the wheat cakes. N notices it is full of meat. Old regular keeps complaining. Old regular finally finishes meal, and evidently cannot pay. M pays the check for old regular, or it may have been B who took it out of tips. The old woman offers no thanks, but begins pestering B about how much she should tip. "What you wish," answers B. Old regular uses this as her exit, claiming she must go home for that change.

1.20 + overtip

Apr. 21 — N sits and recalls pleasant unrecorded lunch with G. They had exchanged jokes about eating. N's joke was the one about the two strangers on shipboard who were assigned to eat together and spoke not at all one to another having no language in common. The last day of the voyage the frenchman decided to break the silence. As he sat down to his soup, he bowed quite formally to his companion and said, "bon appetit." The American bowed in the same manner and said, "Ginsberg." As N leaves this Riss lunch L remarks, "ya paintin' pikchas lately?" "No, printing pictures" says N. N had been at the

building department all morning as usual, trying
to arrange for "The House of Dust" to exist, and
she was wearing a dress, thus L's added apprecia-
tion of her presence.

—
Apr. 25 (for some reason N has entered that this is
Friday.)

N sits. P has not taken N's order for some days.
P, "Tuna on toast?" N nods. Today N receives
neither spoon nor napkin. L quickly supplies
both from cash register. On leaving N remarks
on P's terrible cold. .80 + tip

—
Apr. 29 — N enters, notes her recurrent bellyache. N
"sandwich." P is well again. It is N's birthday
and she indulges herself in a walk around the
block. .80 + tip

—
May 1 — N enters, sits, folds paper to fit allotted counter
area. .80 + tip

—
May 7 — N is again unable to make Riss. She is outside
the Municipal Building as the noon siren rings
throughout New York. Just like a Pavlov dog she
salivates in response and notes she is indeed hun-
gry. N enters delicatessen on Center Street ...
stranger speaks, "I'll have a tuna salad on a roll."
N muses on the thousands of people partici-
pating exactly and almost in The Identical
Lunch. N has chopped liver. .80 no tip.

—
May 8 — N sits. P, "a cup?" N, "umm humm." .80 + tip

May 9 — N sits in same seat as previous day. N decides on salad plate variation. Is this possible, or is it too late. P, "Cup?" N, "Yes, but Pauline I want the salad plate today." Should N mention the double coleslaw variation with no potato salad, which is constant as a variable from the sandwich. P, "You, oh, what? I see. Will you take the toast it's all done. N's cruelty is rewarded by further confusion from P. P," Okay now, what is it, no toast you say? . . . no." N, (apologetically) "I'll have a slice on the side (onion) and no potato salad, double on the coleslaw, thanks Pauline." P, "Oh yes, and ah, oil and vinegar, thankyou." N, "Thankyou." N at the register discovers she has one dime, "Pauline I don't have enough money." P, "No matter, drop in later, no matter at all, don't worry honey, okay." 1.32 + tip

—
May 10 — N enters sits. An old regular speaks, "Is the chicken good?" N notes it is the same old regular mentioned in April 1 documentation. "It's excellent" N smiles. .80 + tip

—
No date mentioned

—
June 16 — N waits outside Riss for G and Boston acquaintance at precisely 2:45 as planned. N begins reading daily Post. L, "What ya waitin' fer, me?" N smiles. L, "Don wait fer dem cum wid me." N smiles. L true to form, speaks to N whenever she has a skirt on. The friends arrive just as N sits down. Summer replacement waiter for E who

has never waited on N, neither the waiter nor E. N, the lady from Boston and G all give identical orders in succession. Topics discussed over sandwiches were the future of the OM theatre group in Boston, *The Serpent*, a successful off-broadway play starring the lady from Boston, and the theory of The Identical Lunch, which the lady from Boston enjoys talking about, and the condition of E who dropped a gallon can of grapefruit concentrate on her ankle which after a month is still not mending. No remark from the waiter when N, G and the lady from Boston order identical desserts, rice pudding. The waiter makes a tally for two of the checks. For the last he just writes 1.07. The three leave together parting in three directions outside Riss. 1.07 + tip

Riss. 1.07 + tip

—
June 25 —N enters Riss. Sits. P, "Where have you been?" N, "Well, it wasn't a vacation. Nice to see you. How's Flo?" P, "Still out . . . it won't mend . . . doctor to doctor. it's ten weeks now. Is it a cup or a bowl I forget." N, "a cup." Post headlines read, "Garland Funeral Here." N adjusts water, fork and paper to her space. .80 + tip

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T – JOHN GIORNO

July, no date on account. a friday.

N awaits nine other lunchers. Shortly after noon all have gathered in N's garden. N celebrates this largest group performance to date by offering wine. N greets the mixed group: a Swede in electronics, a very pretty negro girl, an actor from California, a motorcyclist, a red-haired girl very informed about New York contemporary culture, a wife, a photographer and the poet T. The performance gets underway as T and N corral the group and they head for Riss. T and the motorcyclist have had some acid which was discreetly offered around. N declines, finding the lunch trip sufficient in itself. N uses her excuse of migraine headaches which although absent from her experience for years still lurk as a possibility under provocation. The group enters Riss in a bunch. There are only two seats together. It is one o'clock. N and the Actor take the seats, the others sit singly with the exception of T and the motorcyclist who, by waiting a minute for a man to eat his pie, are able to sit together right next to the cash register. This is a very undesirable seat because money is constantly being passed over one's shoulder. P addresses N, "Sandwich?" N for the benefit of the group decides to speak. Each of the others in the group has asked for several repetitions of the lunch, with the exception of T. Now, as the critical moment of ordering comes for each one, N notes one performer glancing at a crumpled piece of paper in his pocket. N comes out with it loud and clear: "A tunafish sandwich on wheat toast, lettuce and butter no mayo and a cup of soup." P is unperturbed at this repetition of the unnecessary. Actor, "the same." He turns to N and asks if

he may have a milkshake later. N nods. Months previous Riss stopped stocking buttermilk. N changed to a cup of soup of which Riss has three kinds: chicken noodle, pea and yankee bean. N never asks which one they have that day, and always hopes for the pea. This pea soup is excellent, heavy and there is always the chance of finding a tiny scrap of bacon in it. The negro girl orders next, "A tuna fish sandwich on wheat toast with lettuce and butter no mayo and a cup of soup." N knew she would do it perfectly. P shouts back to the kitchen, "Three on the tuna toast, lettuce and butter hold the mayo, cup a soup." N has noted before that when multiple sandwiches of the same kind are ordered together, the soup order is given "cup a soup," and three or however many of the sandwich order includes the soup. If all had ordered the sandwich the same, and just one wanted soup the call would have been, "Three on the tuna, toast, lettuce and butter hold the mayo, one cup a soup." These are the language subtleties that make a cook's life at a busy counter luncheonette difficult, muses N. There is so much going on now, the actor is talking animatedly about California and N is trying to pick up the ordering of the other performers. Others at the counter and not in the group and confusing the issue by having a tunafish sandwich on white with a slice (onion). Finally all the group have been served and N can concentrate on the Actor. Glancing toward the Sweden two seats away, she sees what a nice random line the group order has created:

The actor is now talking about Taylor Mead's wonderful performance in Warhol's *Lonesome Cowboy*. N agrees it would be an interesting thing to study with Taylor Mead. The actor asks N if she remembers how Virginia Mayo got her name. N answers in the negative, and he

recounts the tale. One day it seems, a studio in Hollywood decided to feature an unknown girl named Ethel Schmuck or somesuch name, in a film. They gave her an hour to decide on a new name, her lunch hour. She sat in a restaurant puzzling this and decided to eat a ham sandwich. The counter boy called it out, "Virginia May." N then turns her attention to the quality of the sandwich. N is sorry it is not quite up to snuff. The toast not sufficiently toasted and the tuna over celeried. She notices T eating his quietly and without zest. This lunch is finished. On motorcycles, subways and on foot, in couples and walking singly, these lunchers separate after 2 p.m. For photo documentation of this memorable performance see Peter Moore's performance.

—

Aug. 19 —N and A proceed out by car together to perform single deep summer Identical Lunch, '69. They plan to lunch in Lyndenville Vermont, driving via scenic roads from West Glover. N and A often speak together of dreams, more correctly, N feels free to discuss her nightmares with A. In Vermont, says N, she is haunted by both friendly and unfriendly spirits in nostalgic surroundings. Pat, a visiting friend, commented on the presence of a ghost in the loft where she slept. The following night, recounts N, the ghost was decided to be mice. A's conversation, running simultaneously with the ghost story, and completely appropriate, concerned the local librarian who wore sneekers and an odd skirt to the local ladies breakfast in a church in Brown-ington. A had attended the breakfast and eaten very well. N and A arrive in Lyndenville to dis-

cover that Gracies Tavern adjoining the Inn is
completely gutted and a black ruin from fire
N remembers happy beers there with H and Dick
Higgins and children. N and A lunch at Luigie
with tourist hooker prices and a very decent
bowl of soup. A sense of expectancy pervades
the day.

1.70 + tip

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TODAY'S DATE JUN 24 1969


by Tom Wasmuth

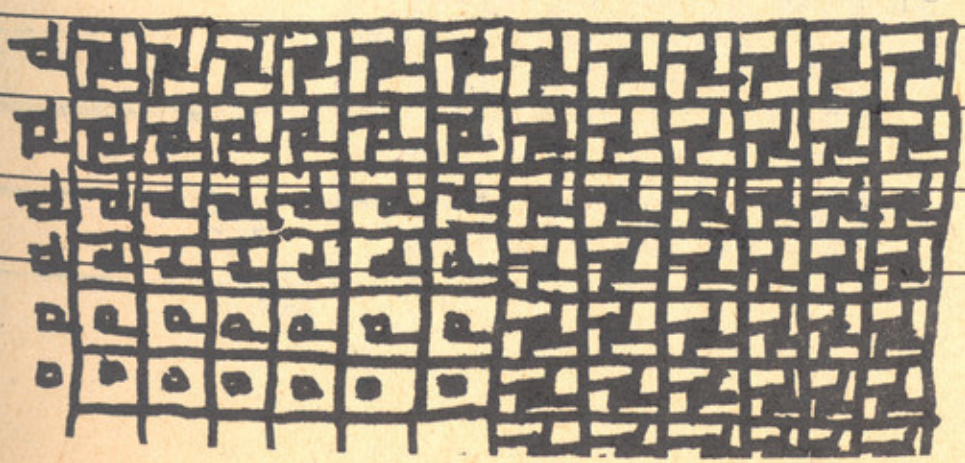
perhaps Riss Food has

a floor made up of many small
white marble squares
mopped daily by a swarthy Greek
in between the marble squares
perhaps Riss Food has a black

substance

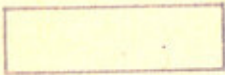
at the White Diamond on Canal St.
two shapes are used in the floor
pattern: a square \square and a
rectangle \square $2 \times \square = \square$
the rectangle is white \square and the
square is black \blacksquare
four rectangles surround the square

 and this is repeated as
~~the pattern~~ in
the overall pattern



JUN 24 1969

TODAY'S DATE

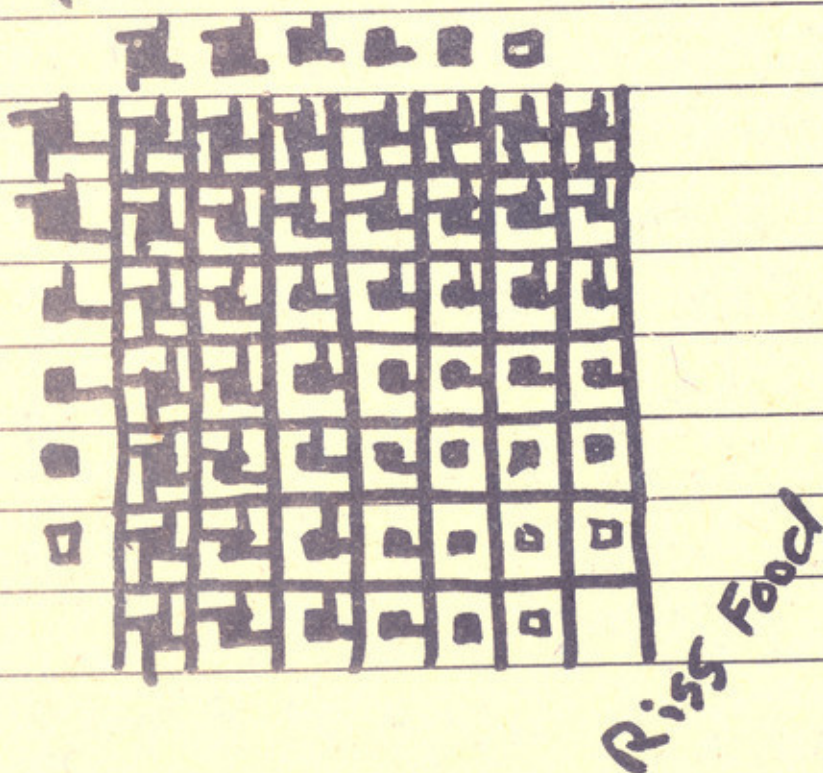
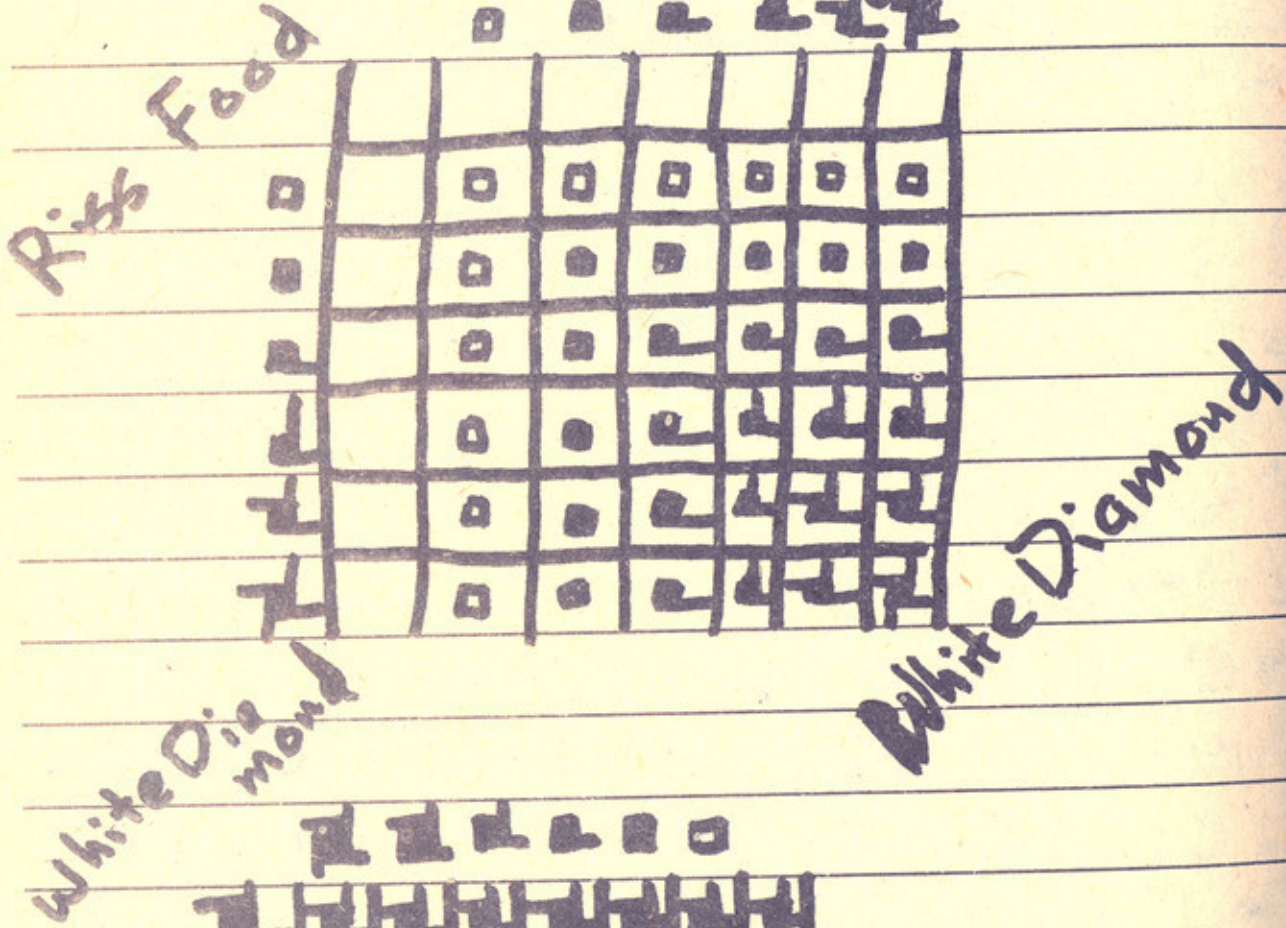


CHECK BOX
WHEN ASSIGNMENT
IS COMPLETED

perhaps Riss Food has

at the White Diamond the
floors are mopped with a mixture
of either ammonia and water
or vinegar and water

→ all white marble squares on the floor



69

ture
ater
floor

dear akh,

the endless summer is a marvelous surfing movie in which two young people do what they want to or must, and follow the summer around the world in search of the perfect wave, which eludes them enough to keep up the excitement. the endless lunch seems to be the discovery of either the ultimately abominable or the absolutely perfect tuna fish sandwich, and the attempt to recreate it at all times as a recapitulable performance. as a

phenomenon i like your account of the
matter better. but then who likes
phenomena anyway?

dh

Continuing something,

RF:

not so far
not

The identical Sunch, has nothing
to do with the pursuit of
perfection - I find The Endless
Summer a very superficial non
parade. Steve Reich's piece
great dealt with all middle
my extremes and varieties arising
therefrom is more like it - They
add a dash of from exercise
add a dash of from exercise

our style, but then 'in not dealing
with ~~any~~ ~~character~~ ~~of~~ ~~positions~~ (I am
with Capriquet.
impression but various people
~~was~~ ~~idea~~ ~~what~~ ~~various~~ ~~people~~

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~~storia~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~lunch~~ - ~~the~~

simplest and most accessible ^{no}
known in these parts. ^{person} ^{part} ^{of} ^{the}

~~So, ^{part} do it again~~
~~Get the lunch again / wear AK~~

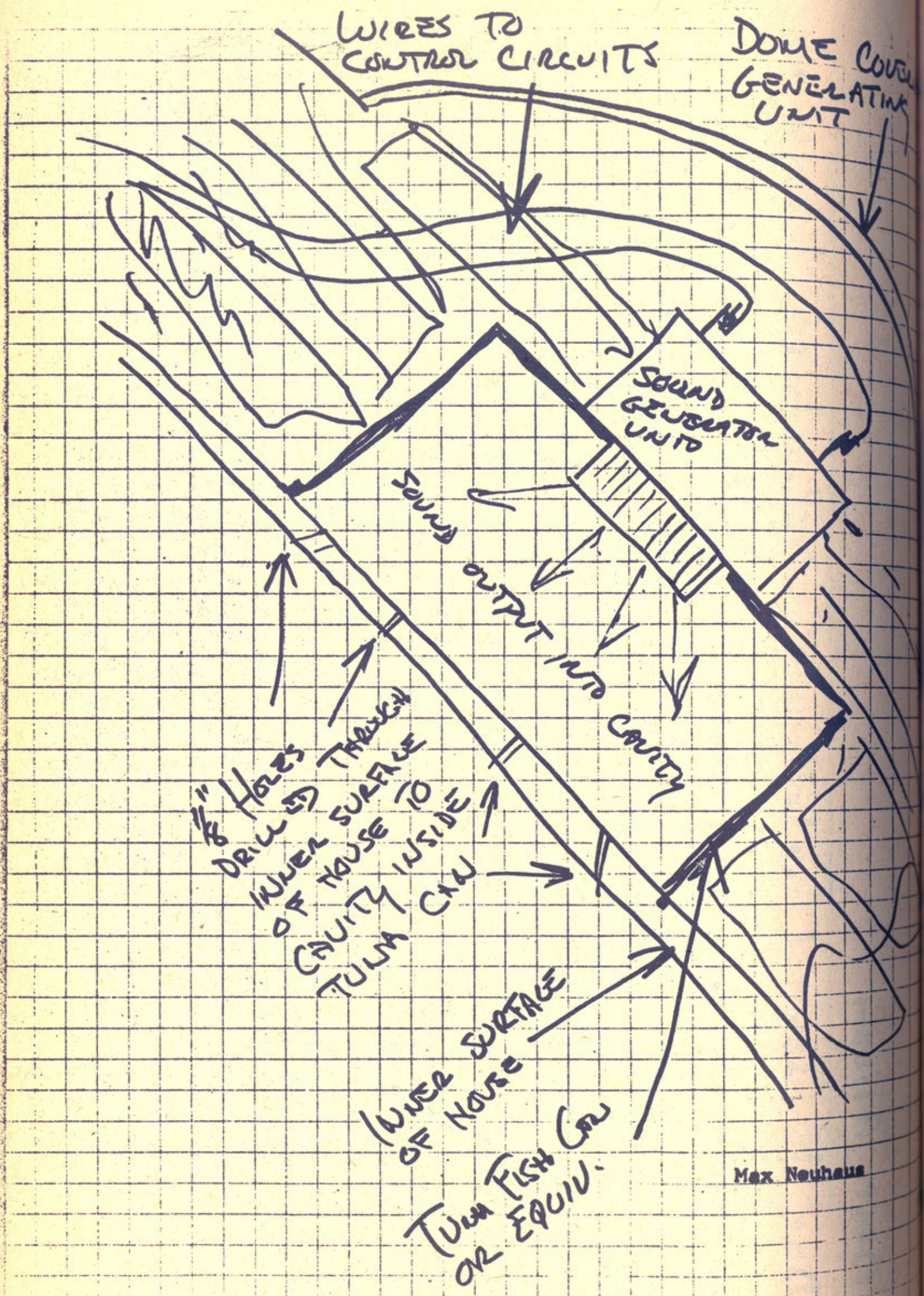
Dear Alison

Dear Alison

Due to several unfortunate circumstances I received the photograph of my picture this late. I hope you can use it & that it is not too late. If there is any need for a text accompanying it just state the date of the lunch or add whatever you find convenient

Yours very sincerely

Christina



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Philip Corner Lunch

There are those who are not immediately enthusiastic. Those who say it's decadent to write this like this. Who say you should be writing about those who have no lunch so what are we (i say) what are we doing with music either new or traditional so let us all give up another generation wait 'till the kulaks are all dead we'll solve the problems of humanity and then start living again. Meanwhile grace has been neglected and what better attention than the fineness of our lives the way it will ever be -- lunches like this kind. The poet says, 'well, it depends on how it is written.'

Dear old friends

It happened to be tunafish on arrival. The child's was cut in four squares -- in the refig, for later, for someone else. Whole wheat bread, untoasted. Remained uneaten all day.

I did have one meal at the Dragon de Oro within this period.

Breakfast. a cup of tea at 6:30 in the morning (intended)
An hour finishing this proofreading a cup of tea, 7:30
(intending. NOW).

identical lunch

"Spoon River Anthology" caught up with me. Trip from Boston. A term paper for Harvard; he reads out loud. A few stories, enough to show where Anderson is at. And it's not where we are. Alison sees that too, that it's incredible to think of our seeing-in in comparison with a series of verbal posters, the sweep of years and years summed up as gross as that must be, generalized, reduced to the "significances....." it is obvious that our Reality-Filter is much finer than that.

Another lunch.....i've forgotten about. Forget it.

Dear A
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Dear Alison,

just around the time I could have stopped for a little breakfast, I stopped here for a little breakfast.-- on the road through Franconia (oh -- look on the other side to see where we're at () -- on the way to Malcolm's! Dick's! Max's! This is the way from Boston. The sign in front of this little place says Eat Brother Eat. What almost unavoidable conjunction that makes today with what we know is happening in the cities (Free breakfast on School Days by the Black Panthers? communal Digger stew?) That makes me think of 1 PM in Peekskill two summers ago, the summer of the riots, when we found open, the only place open, to have something to eat, a soul food place on an unlit street, a good place to eat, some of the "brothers" coming in, juke box, some not so friendly glances, and the woman there, good food! saying when there was no one else in the place and only when there was no one else in the place, (remember the stores in the ghettos that would put "Soul Brother" signs in the windows to, hopefully, spare themselves from looters) saying, "If they'll bust-up any of those other places no reason why they won't bust me up either."

"I know I'll have a cup of coffee right away."

"I'll bring you a cup right away, sir." "Will you have cream?" "I'll bring a menu." "Sir." "There's a dish of tapioca pudding left over from yesterday. (fine) wait. I'd better have a look -- never know but that it

might be gone already. (I'll take it if you have it.)
Do you want topping? or will that cream be good enough?"
Which is evaporated milk. "Will you want more sir?" when
there's twice as much as I'm going to be able to use up.
Even for a second cup of coffee. "No thanks, this is
fine enough

Three old ladies cooking and serving. Joe comes in
from the back -- an old timer. Pancakes; sausages; "sounds
good." Door open in front -- "You open?" "Well I feel
like I am! Been up since 5:30." (one of them) "Hello
little people!" (other one). Expressions like "Lands sake!"
Ask me about the weather reports -- which they should know,
Ask me about the space voyage -- reminds me I haven't had on
my radio -- my habit -- but I had been keeping up with the
moon-landing. Will, when I leave. 3 pancakes. "Yes it's
with sausage," But you don't have to have the sausage, sir."

Alison, I almost now forgot to take this.

Thank you very much.

We thank you very much.

late August, 1969

back. just for a cup of tea. (for her, coffee.)

"Good morning, Lee." "Good morning, Pauline."

My aunt Gertrude Brandwein's ultimate statement on the subject will be published on the front page (I told her, That's it!) in California. Cross reference to Wisconsin -- Or is it Michigan. All? The pages of my (first part of, which this is the end of the second part of) version of Alison's sandwich: everything but tuna.

My mother said to me "You've really got Gertie wowed! all summer! she keeps saying "I don't know." But every time I go there and have a tunafish sandwich it's always the same.

(another ultimate statement)

I won't be going back to Riss for a while.

One of the things I'd like to do now is to understand the food I eat. "understand" understand

It will require simplicity.

For other things to in my life. Part of a move to more simplicity.

Perhaps something of this can be written.

The way a macrobiotic meal can be "always the same." Also

the way in which a macrobiotic meal can be perceived
as "always the same."

I want to write that the way Gertie could have, the way
she said.

This will satisfy me for a while.

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Susan Hartung Lunch

Never the name Lyndonville Vermont but always the sight of it reminds me of ice cubes and pinball machines, waiting with Max and the Higgins for a 3am bus to New York. Discovering on the quiet main street an ice vending machine and discovering also that the cubes fell out onto the sidewalk if you didn't hold at the opening a container that was dispensed separately. Max liking (the sound of) it and doing it again, just as the bus pulled in, and taking onto the bus as many ice cubes as he could hold. And earlier in the wait drinking beer and playing pinball machines at Gracie's Inn. So when Alison and I arrived in Lyndonville she suggested that we have the sandwich there at Gracie's. But when we got to the entrance, on the side, there was none as the building had burned, and on that side burned down. As we left we wondered why we hadn't noticed it from the front as we approached: you could see around the windows (no glass) the sooty frames, through the windows dark and empty rooms. We went instead to Luigi's restaurant for the tunafish. No whole wheat bread, so we had white toast. The sandwich was all right, which is all right. There's less to be wonderful or horrible about tunafish than, say, a hamburger. A cautious sandwich. We both had with the sandwich a small order of pea soup which came in a bowl. Alison to the waitress: "If this

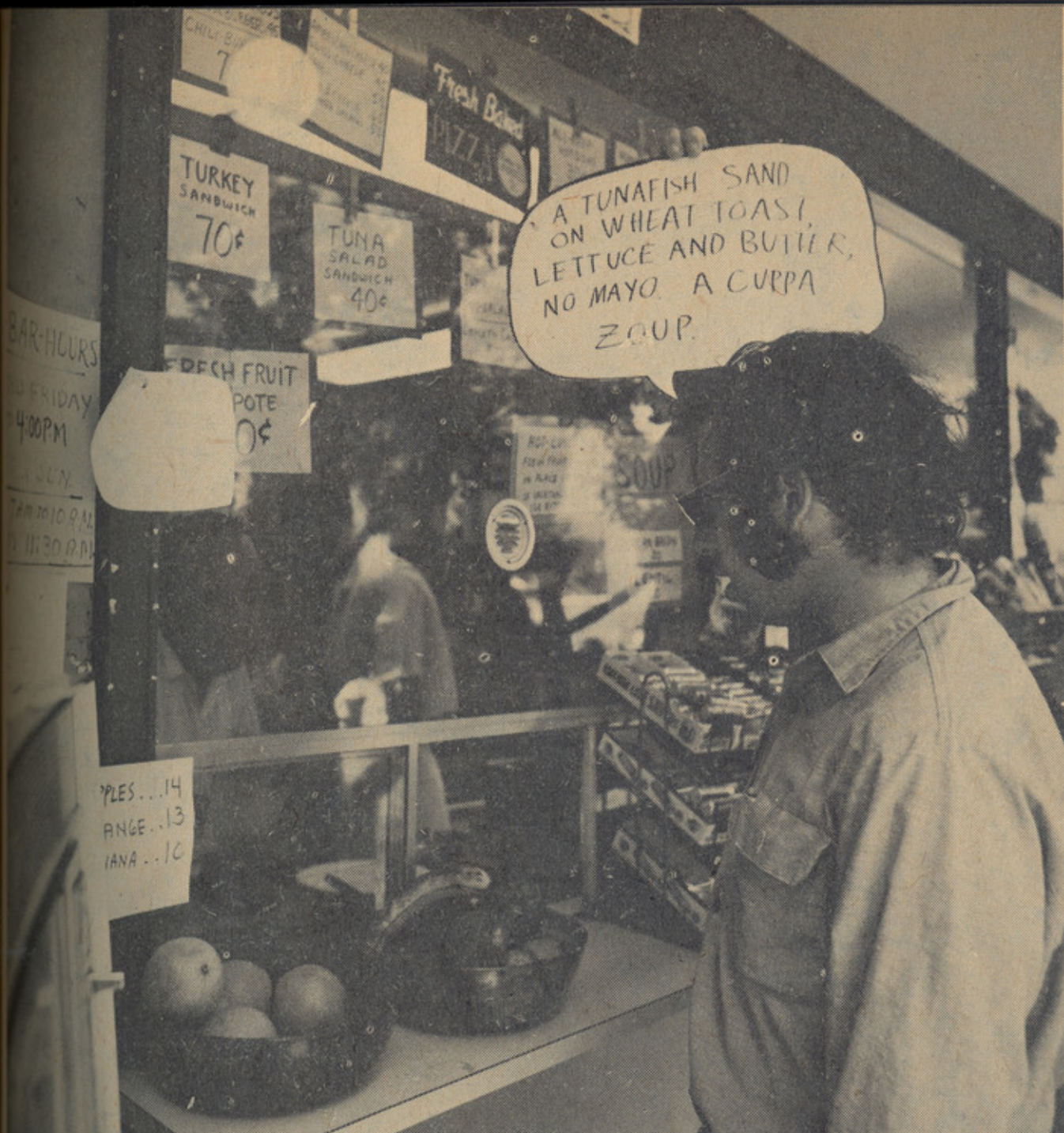
is the small bowl how big is the big bowl?" Waitress:
"Oh, it's real big." We had also one bottle of uniden-
tical beer each.

Susan Hartung

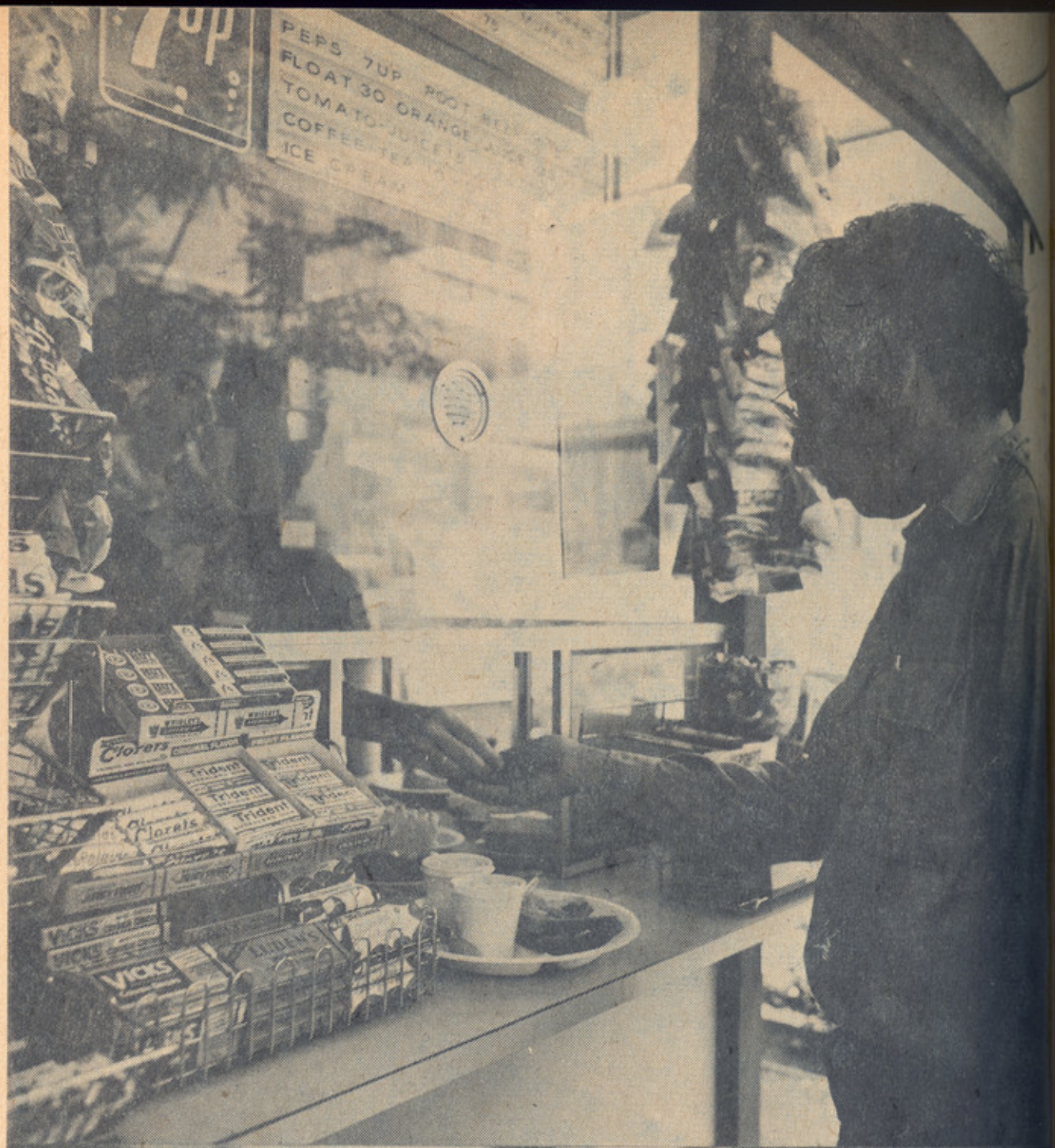
BAR-HOURS
FRIDAY
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7AM TO 10PM
11:30 PM

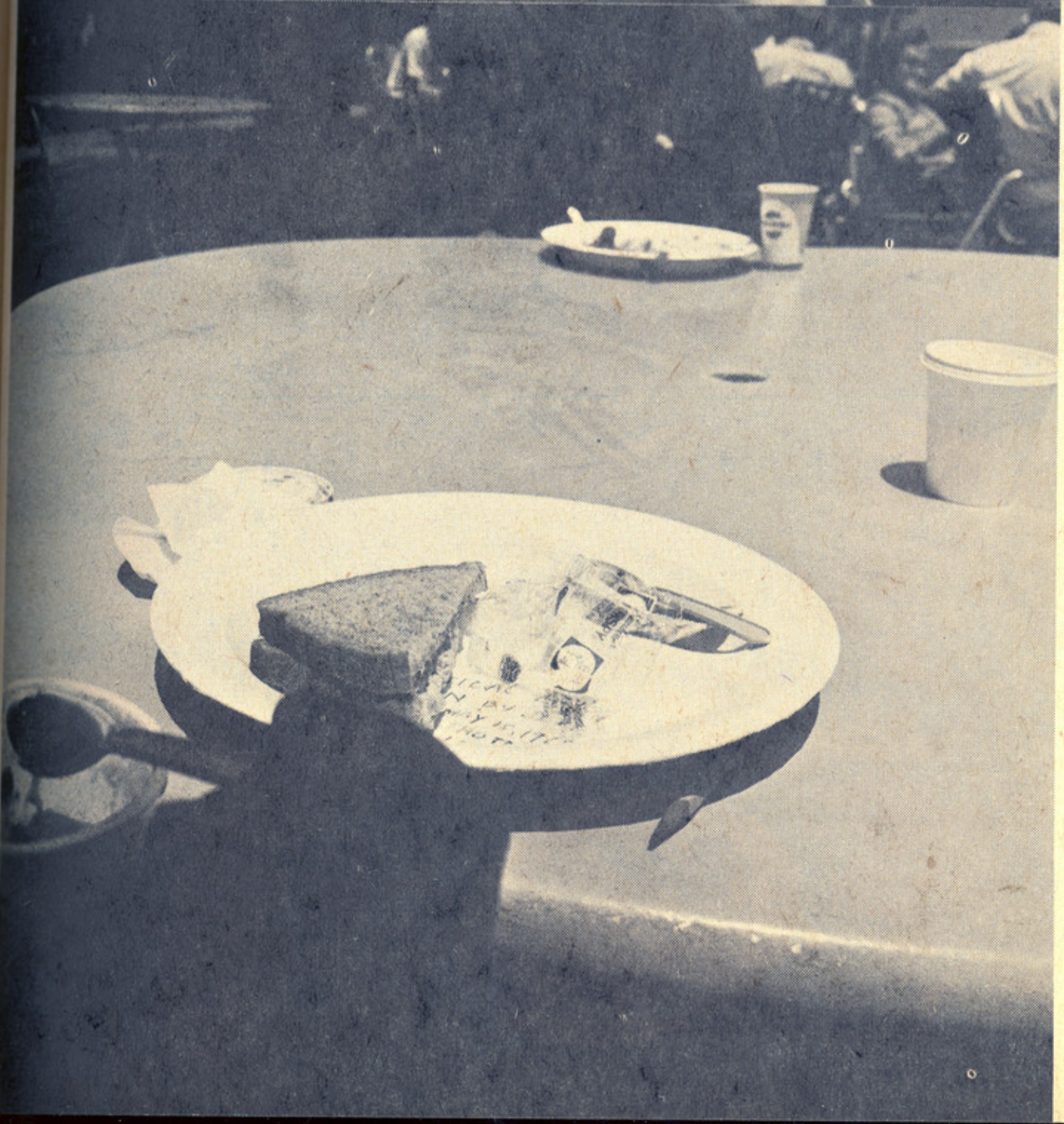
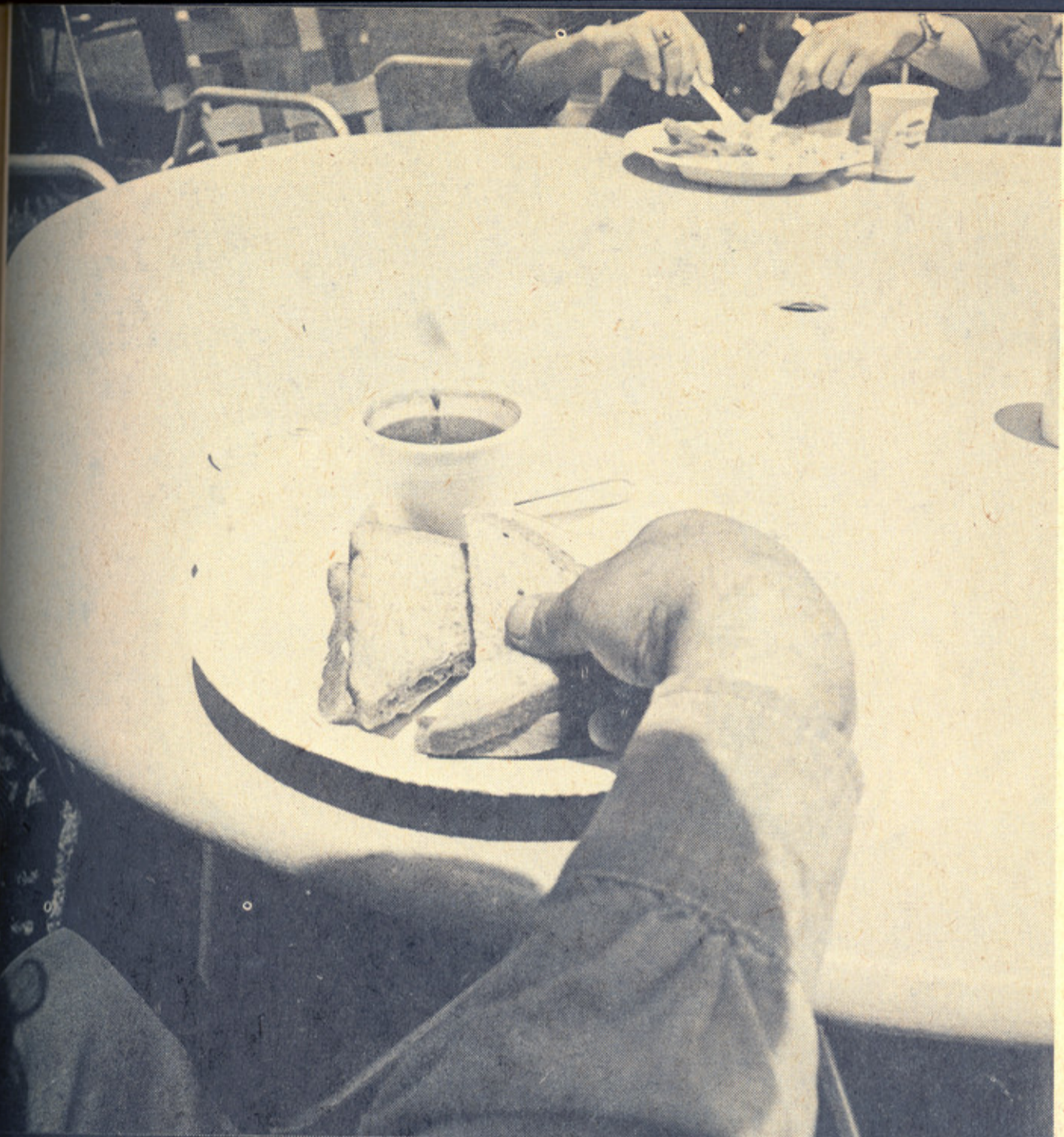
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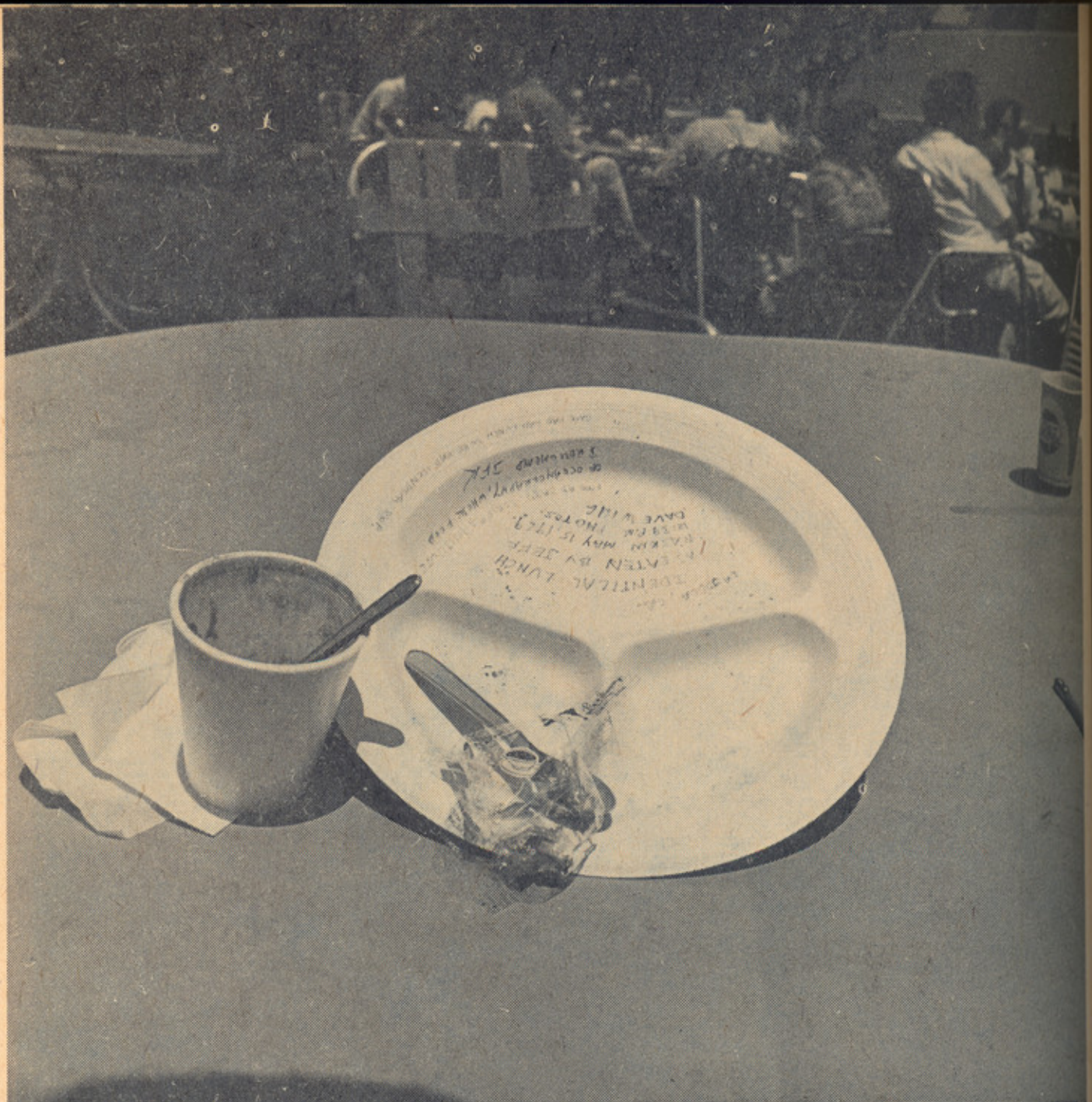
ress:
niden-



LUNCH. As eaten by Jeffrey Raskin and photographed by David Wing, who had a cup of soup.







THE JOHN GIORNO LUNCH

Debbie Hollingworth

Michael McClanathan

Jim Maya

Susan Hartnett

It was hot and humid and I was to meet John for lunch at 12:30. Coming from the garment district with three pounds of turkey feathers, I walked through Chelsea during lunch hour. I was the first to arrive at 12:30. Around 1:30 a group of us invaded the local restaurant to order the same lunch. It was very crowded. I decided I didn't like tuna fish anymore. Spent more time talking than looking. A little after two o'clock I caught the 7th Avenue subway home to pack gear for vacation. My head was already in the country.

D. Hollingworth

At about 12 noon (date?) I walked from my store on 4th st over to John Giorno's loft on the Bowery. We both took some acid and walked back to my place to get my motorcycle and drive up to Grove Press where we met some people to have lunch.

When we got to the restaurant we were instructed to have a specific lunch which consisted of a tunafish sandwich and soup. I told John and some other people what I thought of the lunch, which was I hated it.

After the lunch I drove John home and I continued to drive until I got to the Berkshire Mountains near Great Barrington Mass.

Dear John

I hope I'll see you soon --

love

Michael

Identical Lunch

An identical lunch is very different
Than the other kind which is different
From the rest.

The identical food demands little or no thought:
The surrounding activities take all your thought:

The waitress, her hair, her lips, the napkins,
Their embossments or lack of embossments.
The stools, the chairs, the heat.

When you've finished --
You hardly know you've eaten.

Jim Maya

Hi Joh
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Hi John. Tomorrow is the FOURTH OF JULY. Remember when the Macy's barge of fireworks blew up on the river a few years ago? I was watching from 125th St. It was too far away to tell what was really happening, but I had this awful feeling in the pit of my stomach. When we were children, there were always those horror stories told to us by parents about their childhood friends' mishaps with various sorts of fireworks, like the kid who had a roman candle shoot into his eye and blow up in his head. And various misfires that always took small and innocent boys' limbs with them. The town I grew up in had a harbor illumination and fireworks display the Night Before the Fourth. All of the boats (several thousand) had flares burning at their transoms and the harbor was outlined, every twenty feet of its perimeter, by red flares that burned for about half an hour. A very pretty sight. The town whistle would blow as soon as it was absolutely dark, and that was the signal for various property-owners to light their flares. And gradually this wavering line would appear out of the blackness. Of course somebody always got drunk at sundown and would either fall into the harbor lighting the damn things, or else light them so slowly and unsteadily that you'd see it from far away and wonder what the hell was going on. And children always stole some and went running through the streets with them. Then the fireworks. There was almost always a moderate

fog, or at the very least the night was misty and damp, so there was a great rumble at each shot. And one could hear over the water the rumble from fireworks in other towns strung out along the coast, notably Beverly and Revere. A great thudding sort of bang, and the dogs would shake and tiny children look slightly afraid, and sleeping babies wake and cry. There was a battleship anchored at the mouth of the harbor for the festivities, in that the town is supposed to be the Birthplace of The American Navy, and it didn't require too much imagination to think that those booms and thuds were its guns going off. Memories of war newsreels at the movies. Or something. My bedroom looked out on the entrance to the harbor from an adjoining promontory and the first time that I awoke on a sparkling July morning and saw the big ship (I think it was the USS St. Louis), I tore down the stairs and woke my father, half hysterical about this big grey vessel and its huge guns pointing right at the goddamn town. Frightened. Frightening. I was very young. And as I grew to be a proficient sailor, and found out that all those guys on those ships didn't know how to sail, I was incredulous and lost all respect for that profession. Never did get the respect back, come to think of it. But all these tourists would come and the streets of the old part of town would be jammed with people trying to look nautical. And they always said how quaint everything was.

The next day, there was a parade of children in outlandish, homemade costumes, called the "Horribles Parade." There would be a band leading the parade and the town fathers would award prizes, fifty cent pieces and ice-cream cones. Remember the song called The Thing? Well, three of the six of us walked in the parade in everyday clothes (bathing suits and bare feet) with our huge black dog named Blacky with a sign around his neck that said The Thing. The dog was half Labrador Retriever and half Great Dane, very gentle, and with terrible rheumatism. He scared the hell out of people. And we won honorable mentions, which I remember to be a quarter and a chocolate cone. And there were hundreds of children. And some parents spent months preparing. And their kids almost always won. And we were almost always jealous. And figured we weren't loved as much, etc. Oh my God! And all the larger craft in the harbor flew bunting from their rigging and the bell in the tower of the town hall, which contains the original painting of The Spirit of '76, rang a hundred times at noon, and all the church bells would follow suit. And since the sun was over the yardarm by then, booze was broken out and the very old men who were the veterans of the Spanish-American War would be drunk as coots, sitting on the bench, in the sun, outside the police station. Sometimes my grandmother drove us to Salem and we'd see the hundred-foot high stack of barrels get

burned on Gallows Hill. There was still a witch-hanging
tree left then. The hurricane of '54 brought it down.
And then we went to Salem Willows and got sick on too
much cotton candy and vinegar candy kisses. And rode
the dodge-ems. It all seemed so goddamned important
then -- or at least fun. Anyway, thanks for lunch last
week. I think tunafish sandwiches are shitty. I like
tuna raw, in thin slices, with Japanese horseradish.
Love, Sue

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The Nova Broadcast Press



by Carl Weissner

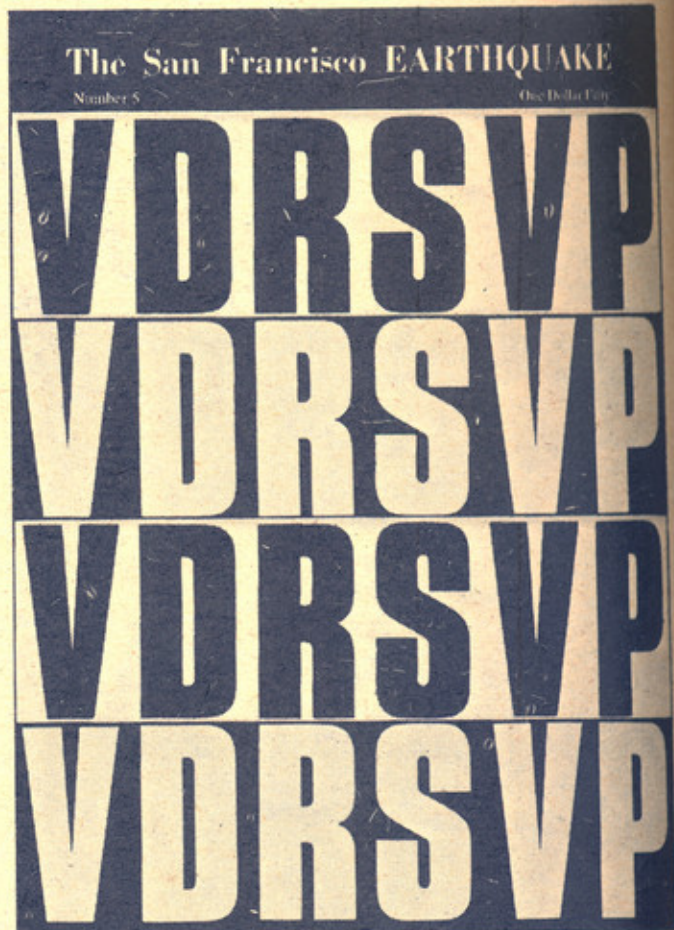
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30 July 1964. Birth of Tyche.

All day long in labor, unable to eat, excited, exhausted, ravenous - the vision of tuna salad on whole wheat dominated my thoughts. Later Geoff brought me one.

27 June 1969. The butter and lettuce taste ~~separately~~ together - transcendent. Riss food store with Letty. Spent most of lunch looking over my shoulder waiting for Geoff to arrive. I do not remember the soup.

2 August. Beth Israel hospital. Tuna salad on whole wheat is inextricably associated with birth and death of children.

not 30 August 1969. Gorham, N.H. The Golden Restaurant. Alison, Dick; Geoff had the lunch however.

(over)

24 Sept. 1969. Riss. The pea soup
had curvy in it.

Air pollution stung my eyes several
Afterward. A monarch butterfly
ca. 3-4 flights up, over the N.E. corner
intersection of 8th Av / 19 St. NYC
was having heavy going of it, but
was making it downtown.

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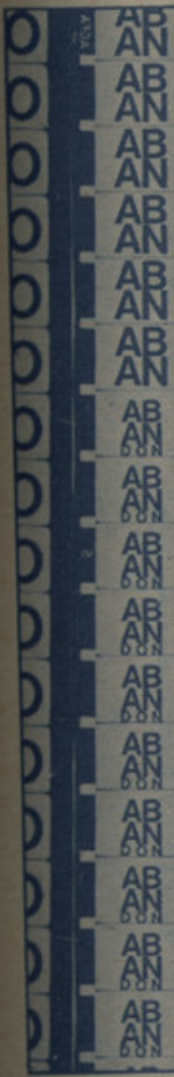
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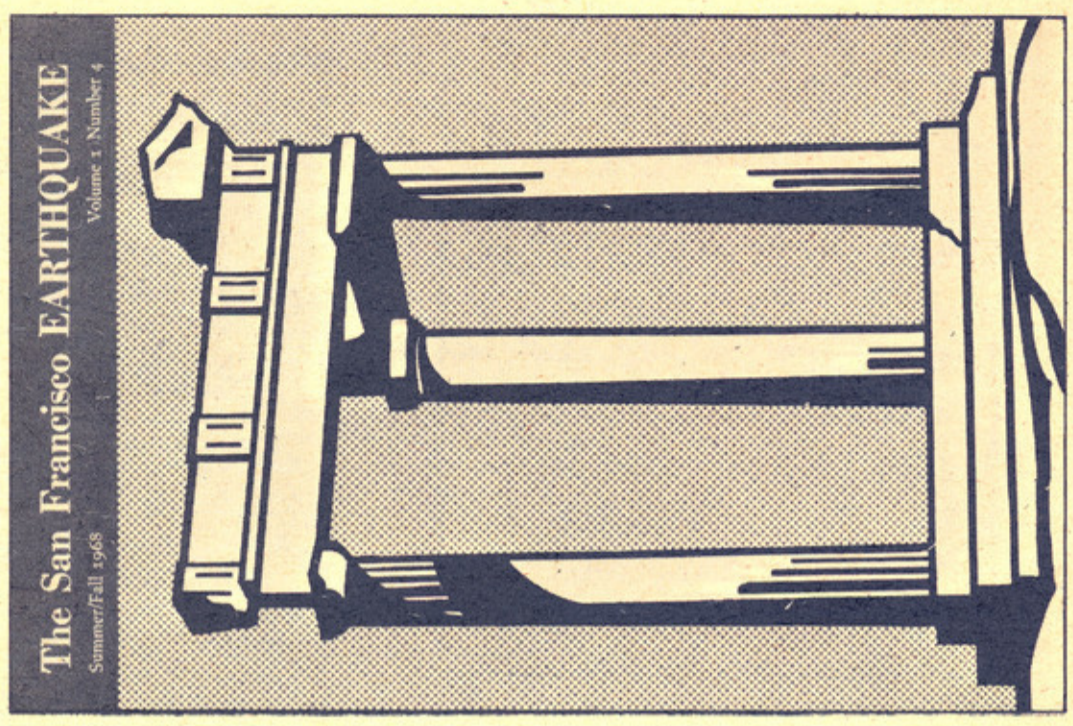
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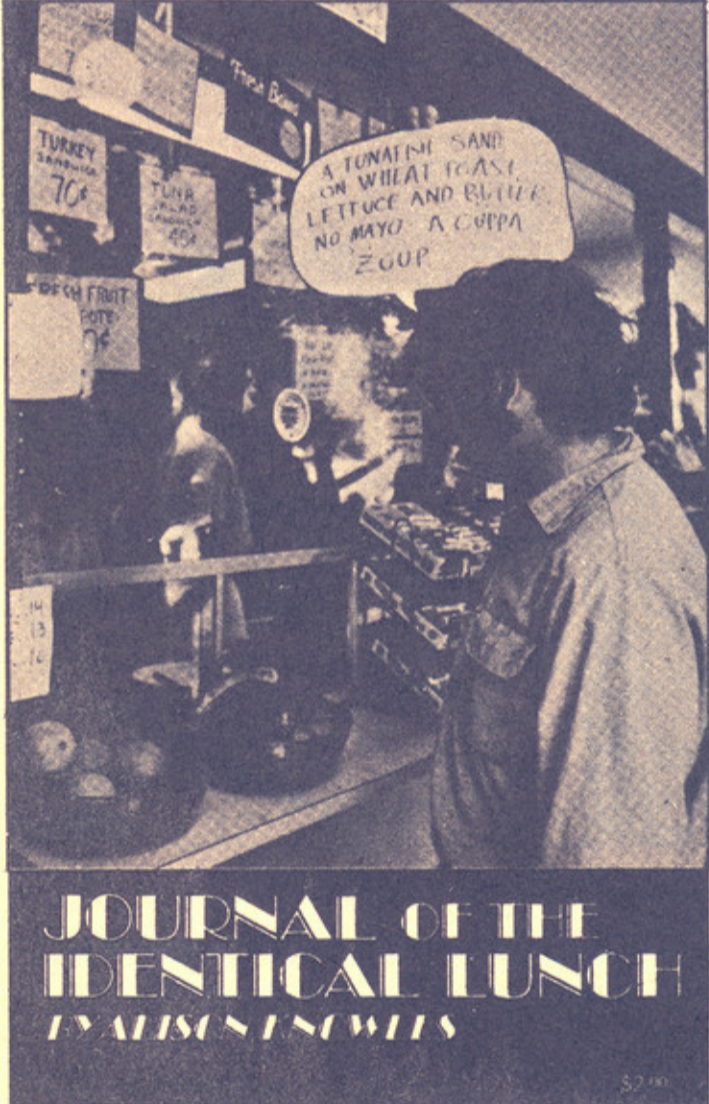
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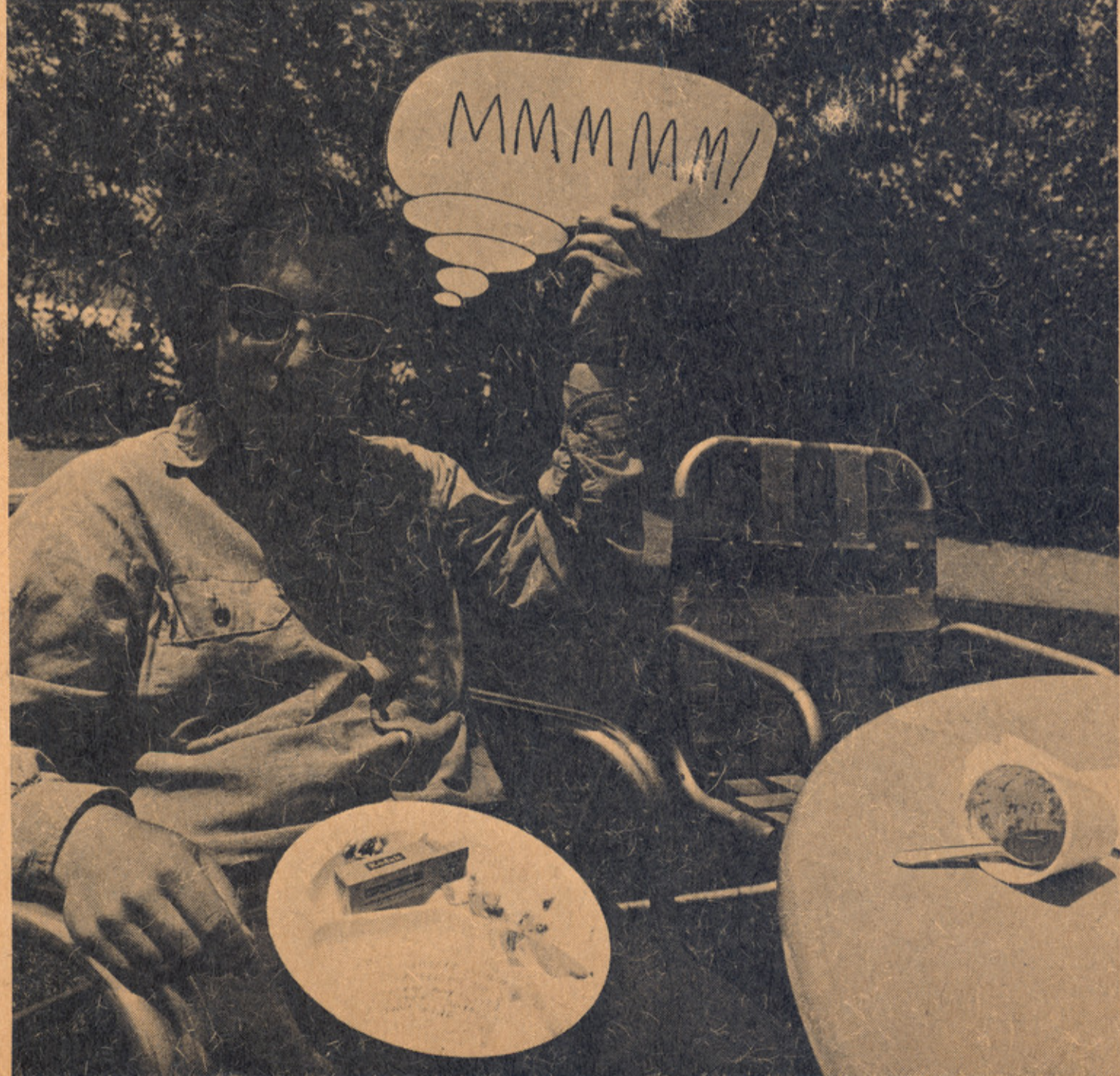
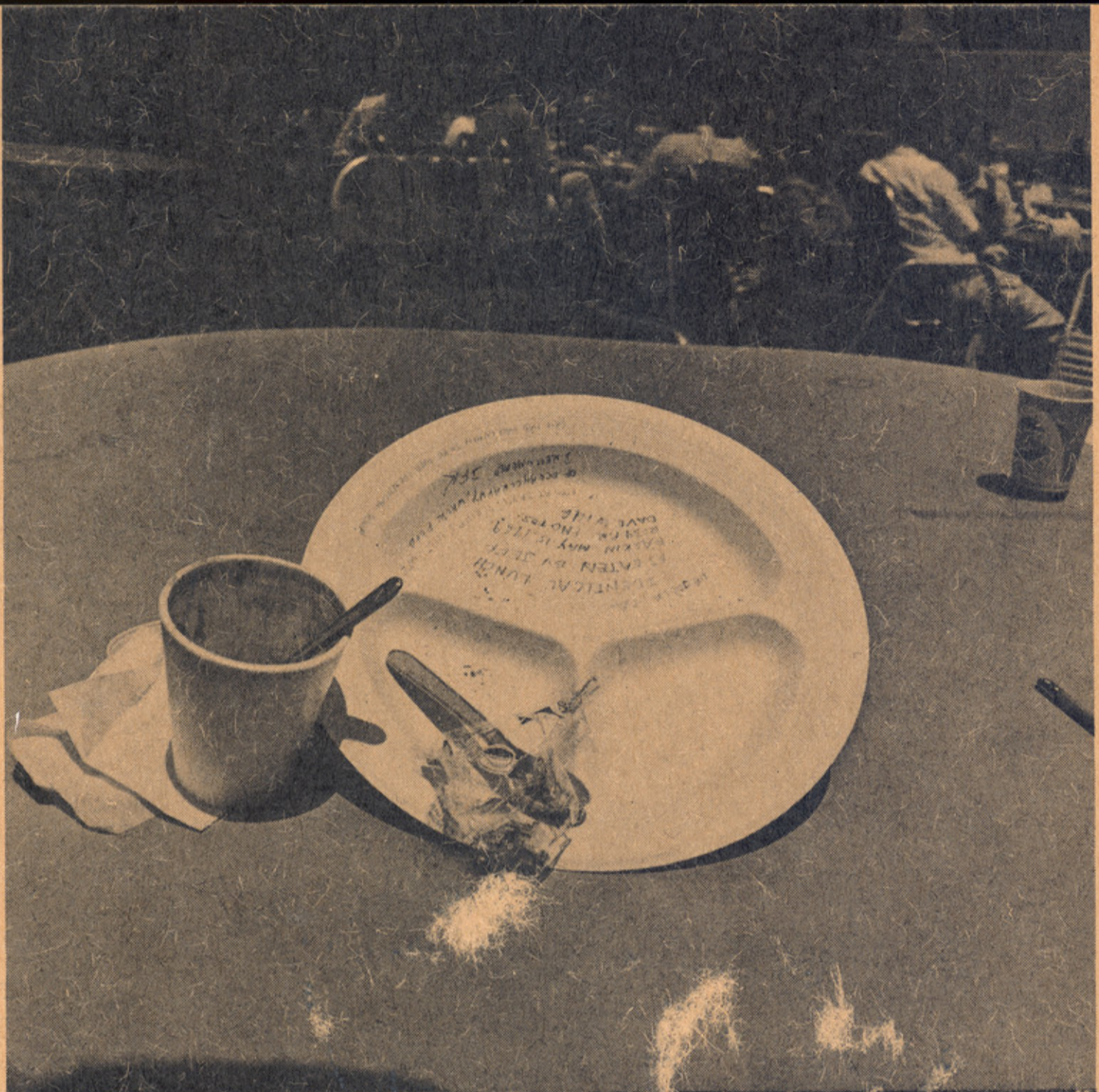
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